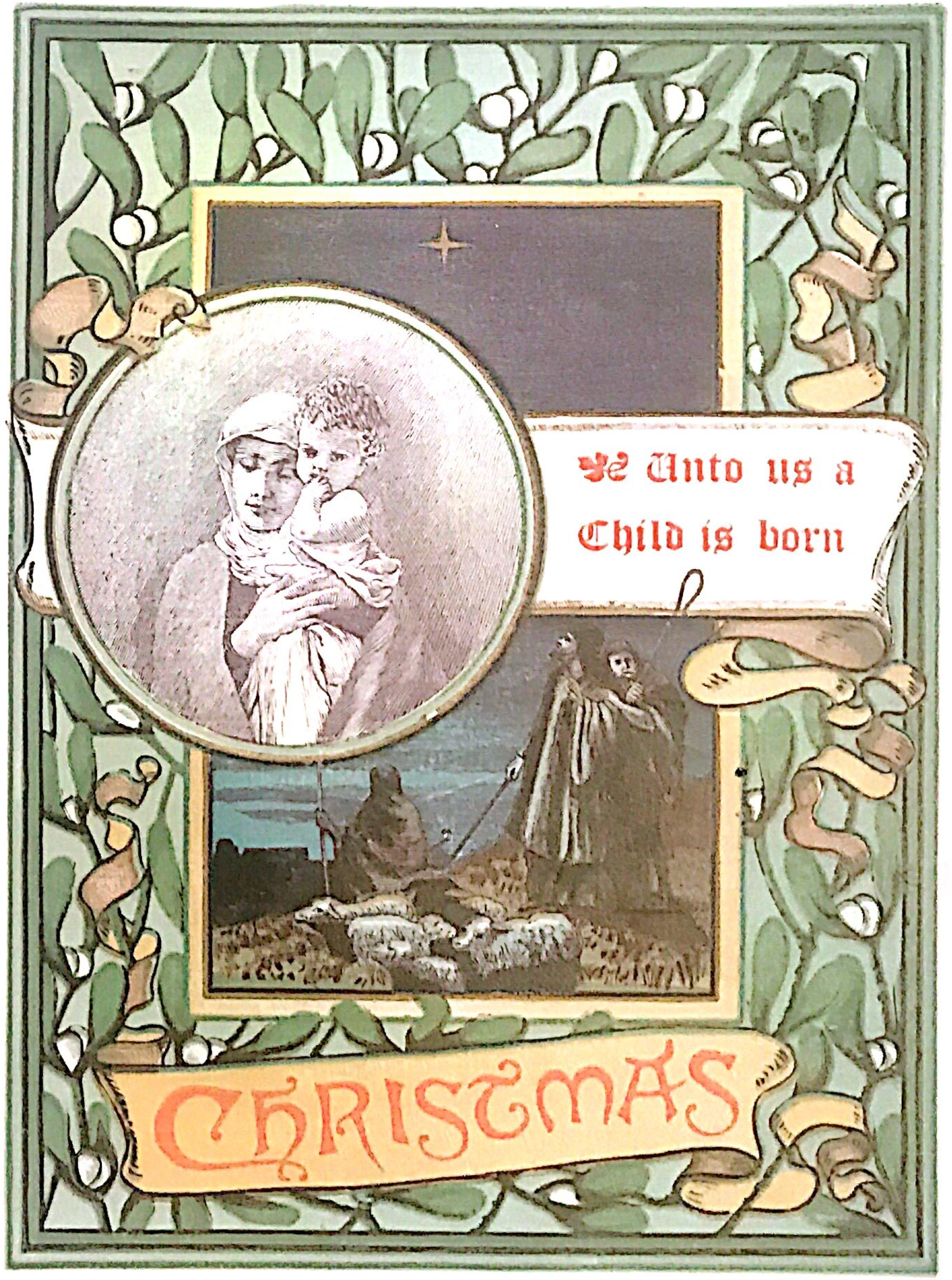
Christ Church,

GERMANTOWN, PHILA.



· 1889 ·

☆

Christmas Festival.

☆

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF

Christ Church

GERMANTOWN, PA.

☆

Sunday, December 29th, at 4 P. M.

☆

JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D., . . . Rector.
CHARLES W. SCHWARTZ, . . Supt. of S. S.

Order of Service

Processional

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem!
  How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
  The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
  The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
  Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
  And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
  Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
  Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
  And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
  The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
  The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
  But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
  The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
  Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
  Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
  The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
  Our Lord Emmanuel! AMEN

☆ Creed and Prayers ☆

Song by Infant School

WHILE the flocks by shepherds guarded,
  Lighted by the starry throng,
In the quiet air above them,
  Sweetly burst the angels' song.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, in the highest!
  So by faith we hear again!
Glory, glory in the highest!
  Peace on earth, good will to men!

Not alone to watching shepherds,
  Came the glory of that night;
It has floated down the ages,
  Filling all the world with light.
    Glory, glory, etc.

And like those who brought their treasure
  To the manger cradled King,
We to Him our love may offer,
  We our hearts' best treasure bring.
    Glory, glory, etc.

☆

Chant

Thy seat, O God, en- | dureth · for- | ever: The sceptre of Thy *kingdom* | is a | right · = | sceptre.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and | hated · in- | iquity: wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the *oil* of | gladness · a- | bove thy | fellows.

My song shall be alway of the loving *kind*ness | of the | Lord: with my mouth will I ever be showing Thy truth, from one gener*ation* | to an- | o-·= | ther.

For I have said, Mercy shall be *set* | up for- | ever: Thy truth shalt *Thou* | stablish | in the | heavens.

The *Lord* is | our de- | fence: the Holy *One* of | Isra · el | is our | King.

Thou spakest sometime in visions un*to* Thy | saints, and | saidst: I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have exalted *One* | chosen | out of · the | people.

I will set His do*min*ion | in the | sea: *and* His | right hand | in the | floods.

And I will *make* | Him My | First-born: higher *than* the | kings · = | of the | earth.

The Lord *said* unto | my ·= | Lord: Sit Thou on My right hand, until I *make* Thine | ene- | mies Thy | footstool.

The Lord shall send the rod of Thy *power* | out of | Sion: be Thou ruler, even in the *midst* a- | mong Thine | ene- | mies.

In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee free-will offerings *with* an | holy | worship: the dew of Thy birth is *of* the | womb ·= | of the | morning.

The Lord *sware*, and will | not re- | pent: Thou art a Priest forever, after the *or*der | of Mel- | chize- | dech.

Gloria Patri.

☆ **Lesson** ☆

Carol

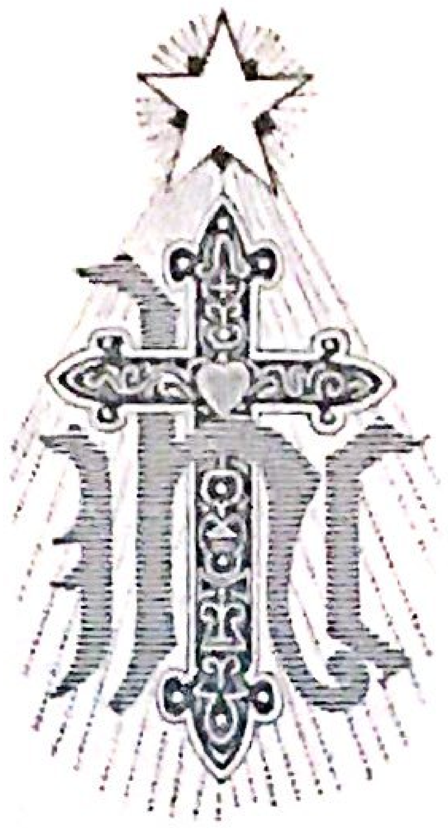
WHEN Christ was born of pure Marie,
In Bethlehem that fair Citie,
The Angels sang with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

The herdsmen saw those Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said "God's Son is born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promise as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great grace,
In Heaven the bliss, to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace.
In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

Address

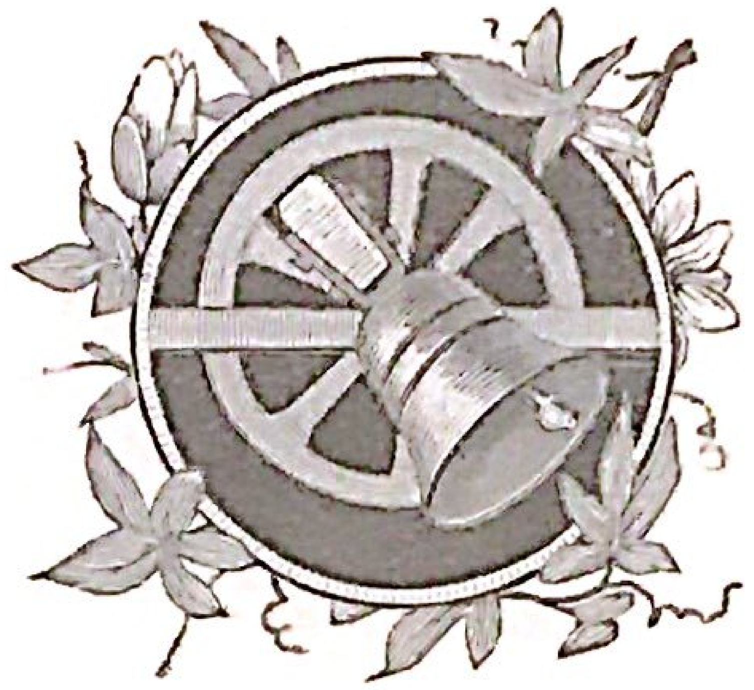


Carol

Star of glory! brightly streaming,
  Welcome, oh! thou blessed star!
Star that erst serenely beaming,
  Led the wise men from afar.
Thou their wand'ring footsteps leddest,
  Star of Glory, planet mild!
Till thy heav'nly light thou sheddest
  O'er the holy blessed Child.

Holy Father! Thou who gavest
  Them that light and grace to see!
Holy Son! O Christ, who savest
  All that look for light to Thee!
Holy Spirit, ever pouring
  Grace on them that seek aright!
Grant us, Lord, with hearts adoring,
  Still to walk with Thee in light.

Address



Carol

Chime the bells, for Christ is born,
Shout the glad tidings, 'tis Christmas morn;
Tell it abroad o'er all the earth,
Filling the bright air with holy mirth.
  Noël, Noël, the Christ is born,
  Chime the bells from night till morn,
  Bring the holly and twine the bay,
  To crown the Infant King to-day.

Send the news o'er the broad, round earth,
Let nations hear of the Holy Birth,
With shout of praise and jubilant song
Swelling the chorus both loud and strong.
    Noël, Noël, etc.

O'er the ocean and seas to-day,
From o'er the mountains far away,
From Afric's shores and India's clime,
Echo the praises of song and chime.
    Noël, Noël, etc.

Up to the heaven's topmost height,
Through misty clouds, past stars so bright,
Up to God's throne, your anthems raise,
To welcome this gladdest day of days.
Noël, Noël, etc.

☆ Prayer and Benediction ☆

Recessional

HEAR ye now the gladsome tidings,
Christ the Prince of Peace draws near,
Shout the news to every nation,
Till the world is full of cheer.

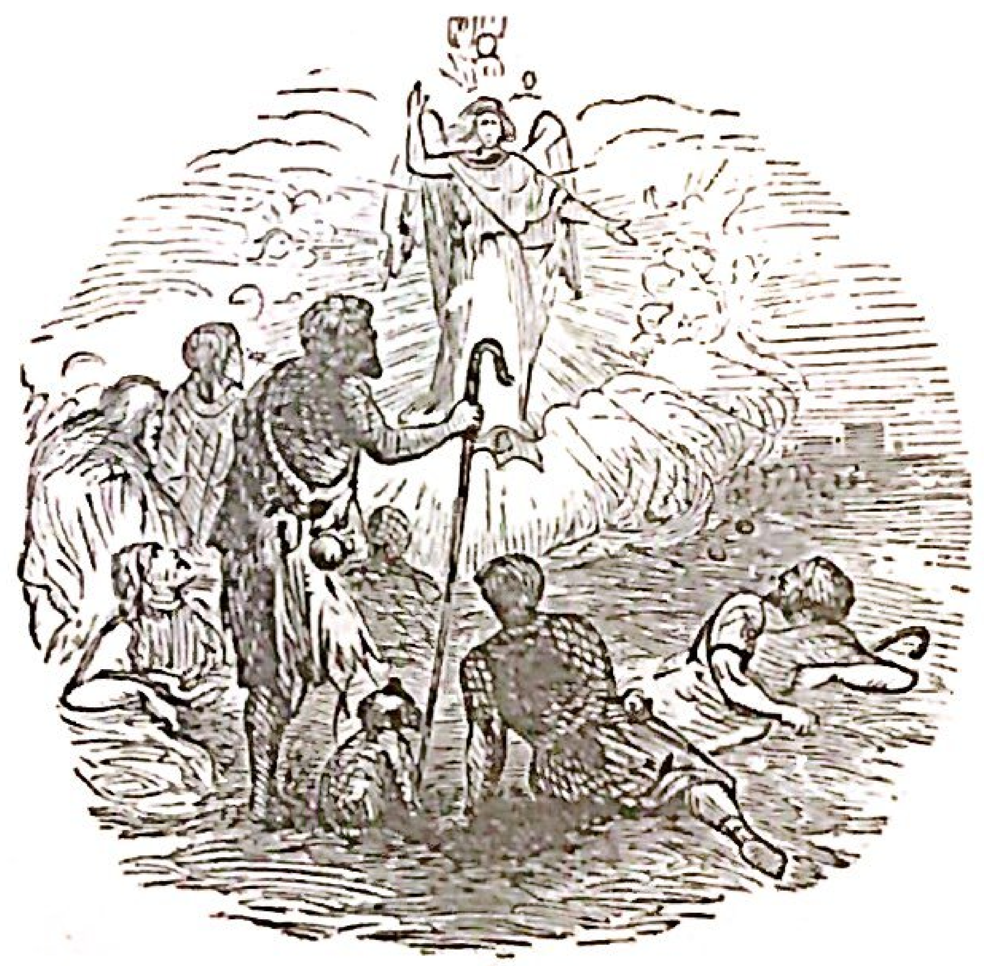
CHORUS.

Glory, Glory in the highest,
Hear the angels sing again,
Glory, Glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

Lo! the Morning Star has risen
O'er the dark and ruined earth;
And from out the heav'nly portals
Is proclaimed a Saviour's birth.
Glory, Glory in the highest, etc.

Lift your heads ye heavy hearted;
Shout for joy ye captive souls:
Christ the great Deliv'rer cometh;
How the heav'nly music rolls.
Glory, Glory in the highest, etc.

Now the Lord of Glory waiteth
To redeem a world from sin:
Throw each heart's door wide to greet Him;
Bid the King Emanuel in.
Glory, Glory in the highest, etc. Amen.



Press of
T·R·Marvin & Son
73·Federal St
Boston

Christ Church,

GERMANTOWN, - PHILA.

· · 1890 · ·

Christmas Festival

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

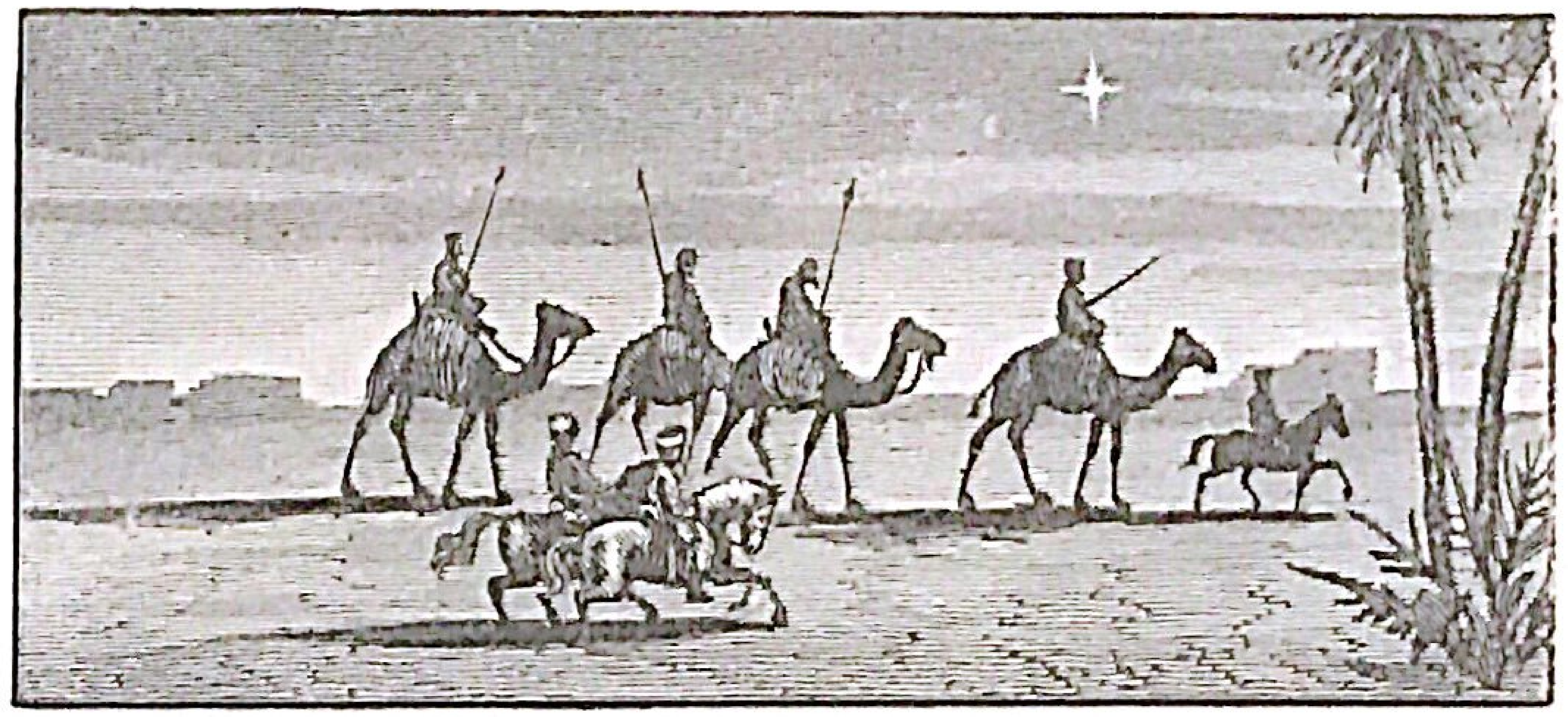
OF

Christ Church,

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Sunday, December 28th, at 4 P. M.

JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D., ... RECTOR.
SHELDON POTTER, ... SUPT. OF S. S.



Order of Service

Processional

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
  Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
  Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
    ‖: Come and worship, : ‖
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
  Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
  Yonder shines the Infant Light:
    ‖ :Come and worship, :‖
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Creed and Prayers

Song by Infant School

HAPPY, happy Christmas,
Friends and teachers all,
Happy, happy Christmas!
Sweet the echoes fall.

CHORUS.

Glory be to Jesus!
Praise to God on high!
Glory be to Jesus!
Angels' tongues reply.

He is bending o'er us,
From His throne above,
Looking down upon us,
With a smile of love.
Glory be to Jesus! etc.

Carol, children, carol;
Lift each heart and voice;
Carol, children, carol;
Bid the world rejoice.
Glory be to Jesus! etc.

Chant

Thy seat, O God, en- | dureth · for- | ever: The sceptre of Thy *king*dom | is a | right · = | sceptre.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and | hated · in- | iquity: wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the *oil* of | gladness · a- | bove thy | fellows.

My song shall be alway of the loving *kind*ness | of the | Lord: with my mouth will I ever be showing Thy truth, from one gener*ation* | to an- | o-·= | ther.

For I have said, Mercy shall be *set* | up for- | ever: Thy truth shalt *Thou* | stablish | in the | heavens.

The *Lord* is | our de- | fence: the Holy *One* of | Isra · el | is our | King.

Thou spakest sometime in visions un*to* Thy | saints, and | saidst: I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have exalted *One* | chosen | out of · the | people.

I will set His do*minion* | in the | sea: *and* His | right hand | in the | floods.

And I will *make* | Him My | First-born: higher *than* the | kings · = | of the | earth.

The Lord *said* unto | my ·= | Lord: Sit Thou on My right hand, until I *make* Thine | ene- | mies Thy | footstool.

The Lord shall send the rod of Thy *power* | out of | Sion: be Thou ruler, even in the *midst* a- | mong Thine | ene- | mies.

In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee free-will offerings *with* an | holy | worship: the dew of Thy birth is *of* the | womb ·= | of the | morning.

The Lord *sware*, and will | not re- | pent: Thou art a Priest forever, after the *order* | of Mel- | chize- | dech.

Gloria Patri

Lesson

Carol

De Koven.

God give ye merry Christmas tide,
  Ye gentle people all,
And in your merry-making may
  No evil chance befall,
Rejoice, for once at Bethlehem
  Where shepherds knelt to pray,
Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ,
  Was born on Christmas day,

Cho.—Rejoice, for once at Bethlehem,
  To give His life away,
Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ,
  Was born on Christmas day.

Ye hand the twining winter green,
  The blazing blacklogs light
The sparkling tree, while in the dance
  Old age and youth unite:
But in a stall at Bethlehem,
  Where simple shepherds lay,
Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ,
  Was born on Christmas day.
    Rejoice, for once, etc.

The wintry wind blows chill against
  The hovel's creaking door,
Hard by the hearth the driven snow
  Lies drifted on the floor,
And cheerless once at Bethlehem
  The lowly manger lay,
Where Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord
  Was born on Christmas day.
    Rejoice, for once, etc.

God give ye merry Christmas tide,
  And give ye all to see
How blessed 'tis to give, and know
  The grace of charity.
Rejoice! for once at Bethlehem
  To give His life away,
Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ
  Was born on Christmas day.
    Rejoice, for once, etc.

Address by the Superintendent

Carol

Traditional.

A virgin most pure as the prophets foretold
Hath brought forth a Babe all fair to behold,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
Which Adam's transgression hath wrapped us all in.

Chorus.

Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

The King of all Glory to the world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was bought;
When Mary had swaddled her young Son so sweet
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
Rejoice and be merry, etc.

Then God sent an angel from heaven so high
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bid them in sorrow no longer to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Rejoice and be merry, etc.

Then marvelling much the shepherds did spy
A number of angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully did talk, and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.
Rejoice and be merry, etc.

The shepherds, conferring, to Bethlehem did go,
And found in the manger the Babe lying low;
Anon came the wise men who thought it most meet,
To bring costly offerings to lay at His feet.
Rejoice and be merry, etc.

Address.

Carol

Warren.

Carol, carol Christians, carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming of Christ's Nativity,
And pray a gladsome Christmas, for all good Christian men
Carol, carol Christians, for Christmas come again.

Chorus.

Carol, carol Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol, carol Christians,
Carol! carol! carol joyfully.

Go ye to the forest, where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel bend beneath the snow,
Gather them for Jesus, wreath them for His shrine,
Make His temple glorious, with the box and pine.
Carol, carol Christians, etc.

Wreathe your Christmas garland, where to Christ we pray,
It shall smell like Carmel, on our festal day:
Libanus and Sharon shall not greener be,
Than our Holy Church, on Christ's Nativity.
Carol, carol Christians, etc.

Give us grace, O Saviour, to put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness, for the robes of light,
And to live as lowly as Thyself with men,
So to rise in glory, when Thou com'st again.
Carol, carol Christians, etc.

Prayers and Benediction

Recessional.

De Koven.

Lo! on high in Eastern heaven
  Bright and splendid gleams a star,
As their journey's guide 'tis given,
  To those travellers from afar,
Who have heard the wondrous story,
  Told them by a heavenly voice,
That the Lord, the King of Glory,
  Comes to make the earth rejoice.

Cho.—Carol loudly, carol sweetly,
  Sons of men and angels say,
Carol loudly, carol sweetly,
  Christ was born on Christmas day.

Know or fear the men no danger;
  Shone the star both night and day,
Till it rested o'er the manger
  Where the Infant Saviour lay;
Low they bow the knee before Him,
  To Him royal presents bring,
Far they journeyed to adore Him
  As their Prophet, Priest and King.
    Carol loudly, etc.

Shepherds in the fields were keeping
  Watch upon their flocks by night,
While their herd lay round them sleeping
  Came to them a vision bright;
For above the heavens glistened
  With a dazzling radiance, when
Sang the angels as they listened,
  Peace on earth, good-will to men.
    Carol loudly, etc.

Fearful stood they while the glory
  Of the Lord around them shone,
And the angel told the story
  From beside the heavenly throne,
How that day in David's city,
  Of a Virgin, lowly maid,
Was born the Lord of love and pity,
  And within a manger laid.

Chorus.

Carol loudly, carol sweetly,
  Very early Christmas morn,
Carol loudly, carol sweetly,
  Jesus Christ our Lord was born.

Therefore heart and voice upraising,
  Tidings of great joy we sing,
Heaven and earth unite in praising
  Jesus Christ, our new-born King,
He is born to bring salvation,
  He is born to set us free,
He is Lord of every nation,
  He is born our Lord to be.

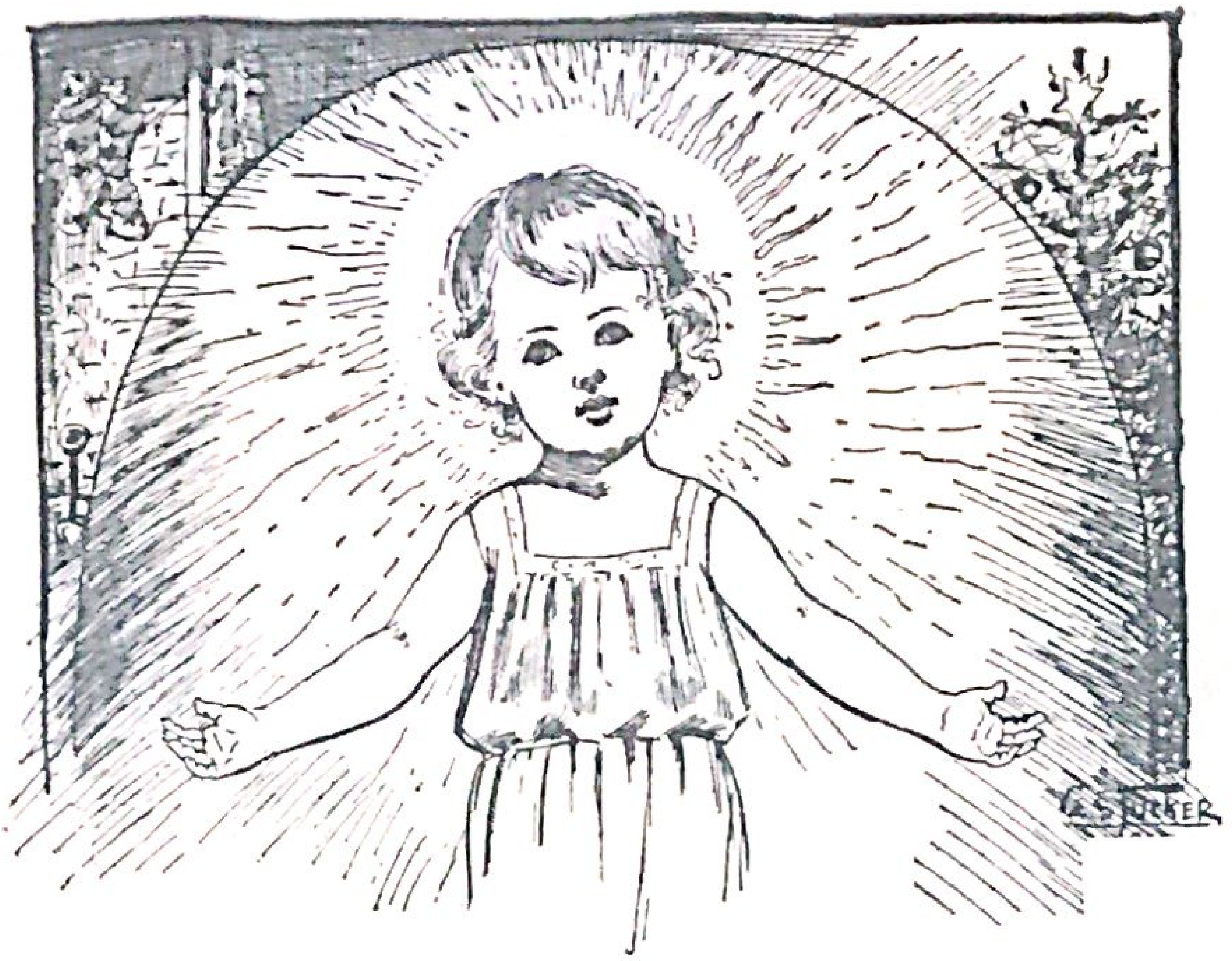
Chorus.

Carol loudly, carol sweetly,
  Sons of men and angels say,
Carol loudly, carol sweetly,
  Christ was born on Christmas day.

MARVIN & SON PRINTERS

CHURCH PRESS,

73 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON.



Christ Church,

GERMANTOWN, PA.

≡ 1891 ≡

Christmas Festival

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF

CHRIST CHURCH,

GERMANTOWN, PA.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27TH AT 4 P. M.

☆

Rev. JOHN B. FALKNER,	Rector.
Rev. A. H. FORD,	Assistant.
SHELDON POTTER,	Supt. of S. S.
Miss WELLS,	Supt. of Infant School.

Order of Service

Processional

STARS of Glory, shine more brightly,
  Purer be the moonlight's beam.
Glide ye hours and moments lightly,
  Swiftly down time's deep'ning stream;
Bring the hour that vanished sadness,
  Brought redemption down to earth;
When the shepherds heard with gladness
  Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Lo! a beauteous angel soaring
  In the bright celestial blaze,
On the shepherds, low adoring,
  Rest his mild, effulgent rays.
Fear not! cries the heavenly stranger;
  Him whom ancient Jews foretold,
Weeping in a lowly manger,
  Shepherds, haste ye to behold.

See the shepherds quickly rising
  Hasting to the humble stall,
And the new-born Infant prizing
  As the mighty Lord of all.
Lowly now they bend before Him,
  In His helpless infant state,
Firmly faithful they adore Him,
  And His greatness celebrate.

Hark! the swell of heav'nly voices,
  Peals along the vaulted sky;
Angels sing, while earth rejoices,
  Glory be to God on high.
Glory in the highest heaven,
  Peace to humble men on earth;
Joy to these, and bliss is given
  In the great Redeemer's birth.

Creed and Prayers

Song by Infant School

CHILDREN, can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well,
Ev'ry girl and ev'ry boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
    ‖: On the Christmas morning. :‖

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen now and hear me tell,
Ev'ry little girl and boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
    ‖: On the Christmas morning. :‖

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks lay scattered round,
When a brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high
    ‖: On the Christmas morning. :‖

Joy and peace the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
Peace on earth, to men good will,
Hark! the angels sing it still—
    ‖: On the Christmas morning. :‖

For a little Babe this day,
Cradled in a manger lay;
Born on earth our Lord to be,
This the wondering angels see
    ‖: On the Christmas morning. :‖

Chant

Thy seat, O God, en- | dureth · for- | ever: The sceptre of Thy *king*dom | is a | right · = | sceptre.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and | hated · in- | iquity: wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the *oil* of | gladness · a- | bove thy | fellows.

My song shall be alway of the loving *kind*ness | of the | Lord: with my mouth will I ever be showing Thy truth, from one gener*ation* | to an- | o-·= | ther.

For I have said, Mercy shall be *set* | up for- | ever: Thy truth shalt *Thou* | stablish | in the | heavens.

The *Lord* is | our de- | fence: the Holy *One* of | Isra · el | is our | King.

Thou spakest sometime in visions un*to* Thy | saints, and | saidst: I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have exalted *One* | chosen | out of · the | people.

I will set His *dominion* | in the | sea: *and* His | right hand | in the | floods.

And I will *make* | Him My | First-born: higher *than* the | kings ·= | of the | earth.

The Lord *said* unto | my ·= | Lord: Sit Thou on My right hand, until I *make* Thine | ene- | mies Thy | footstool.

The Lord shall send the rod of Thy *power* | out of | Sion: be Thou ruler, even in the *midst* a- | mong Thine | ene- | mies.

In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee free-will offerings *with* an | holy | worship: the dew of Thy birth is *of* the | womb ·= | of the | morning.

The Lord *sware*, and will | not re- | pent: Thou art a Priest forever, after the *order* | of Mel- | chize- | dech.

Gloria Patri

The Lesson

Carol

At Bethlehem, in wintry cold,
The faithful shepherds guard their fold,
The crowded town is sunk in sleep,
While midnight vigil still they keep,
And rocks and hills are ringing,
While they, to shield their sheep from harm,
And keep themselves awake and warm,
Are cheerily, loudly singing,
"Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, praise the Lord."

When lo! an angel from on high,
Came sailing down the starry sky;
A glory all around him shined,
And left a track of light behind,
His way thus swiftly winging.
From far he smiles with radiant joy,
That shepherds thus their voice employ,
All night in sweetly singing:
"Alleluia," etc.

"Fear not," said he—for at the sight
The simple shepherds start with fright—
"Fear not, for unto you, this morn,
In David's town a Babe is born:
'Tis Christ, your Lord and Saviour,
Whose reign when He is crowned King,
Shall make both men and angels sing.
Forever and forever,—
Alleluia," etc.

While yet he spake, in robes of flame,
A flying cloud of angels came;
Upon the midnight air loud rang
Their golden harps while thus they sang:
"To God on high be glory:
And peace on earth, good will to men!"
Angels and shepherds joining then,
Thus hail the wondrous story,—
"Alleluia," etc.

Then straight they go to Bethlehem,
(Their flock all following after them,)
They find the Babe in manger laid,
With Joseph and the Mother Maid
Before Him lowly kneeling,
They tell their tale: the infant King
Smiles sweetly on them while they sing
With joy that cavern thrilling—
"Alleluia," etc.

And every Christmas-tide, that song
More numerous sounds, and yet more strong
From age to age, from pole to pole,
It rolls along, and yet shall roll:
Till, crowned with splendor glorious,
That Babe shall come again, a King,
And saints and angels all shall sing,
In endless, boundless chorus—
"Alleluia," etc.

Address by the Superintendent

Carol

JESU, hail! O God most holy,
Gentle lamb, an infant lowly;
Born, great God, a human stranger,
Laid within the narrow manger.

CHORUS.

Might transcending, weakness blending,
Greatness bending from the sky:
Love unending, man befriending,
God most high, God most high.

To enrich my desolation,
To redeem me from damnation,
Wrapt in swathing bands Thou liest,
Thou in want and weakness sighest.
Might transcending, etc.

Low abased, where brutes are sleeping,
God's beloved Son is weeping;
Judge supreme, true Godhead sharing,
Sinner's likeness for us wearing.
Might transcending, etc.

Jesu, Thine my heart is solely,
Draw it, take it to Thee wholly:
With Thy sacred fire illume me,
Let it inwardly consume me.
Might transcending, etc.

Hence let idle fancies vanish,
Hence all evil passions banish;
Make me like Thyself in meekness,
Bind to Thee my human weakness.
Might transcending, etc.

Address

Carol

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, why, abiding
In the fields, ye keep your flock?
Shepherds.—We would give them tender pasture,
Water from the living Rock.
Safe we guard them all night long.
With hearts awake to hear the song:

Chorus.

Christ is born, the King of Glory,
Sing hosanna, all the world!

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, watching, waking,
What ye saw at dead of night?
Shepherds.—Clouds of angels, downward sailing,
Filled the midnight heaven with light.
Harps of gold thrilled all the air,
And songs re-echoed everywhere:—
Christ is born, etc.

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, trembling, listening,
What ye heard those angels sing?
Shepherds.—" Christ is born, the Son of Mary,
David's Son and Israel's King.
Glory be to God on high;
And peace, good will to men," they cry:
Christ is born, etc.

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, what ye found, when
Ye to Bethlehem had gone?
Shepherds.—Blessed Mary, Mother-Maiden,
Kneeling down before her Son:
Swaddling bands the Babe arrayed,
And in the manger He was laid:—
Christ is born, etc.

Children.—Tell us, Shepherds, who were bending,
Lowly, in that rock-hewn cell?
Shepherds.—Three great Eastern kings, adoring,
Kissed the King of Israel:
Gave each royal worshipper
His gold, and frankincense, and myrrh:—
Christ is born, etc.

Children.—O sweet Shepherds, may we follow,
Follow now, His loving call.
Shepherds.—In His fold are ye already,
Your Good Shepherd knows you all.
Children's souls He loves the best,
And bears His lambs in His own breast:—
Christ is born, etc.

Prayers and Benediction

☆

Recessional

See! amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below;
See! the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years!

Chorus.

Hail! thou ever blessed morn!
Hail! Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo! within a manger lies,
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.
Hail! thou ever blessed morn, etc.

"Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?"
Hail! thou ever blessed morn, etc.

"As we watched the dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light!
Angels singing 'Peace on earth,'
Told us of a Saviour's birth."
Hail! thou ever blessed morn, etc.

Sacred Infant! all divine!
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail! thou ever blessed morn, etc.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.
Hail! thou ever blessed morn, etc.

Press of
T. R. Marvin & Son
73 Federal St.
Boston

Christ Church Sunday School,

GERMANTOWN, PA.

1893.

⁂ 1893 ⁂

Christmas Festival

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF

CHRIST CHURCH

GERMANTOWN, PA.

☆

Sunday, December 24, at 4 P. M.

☆

Rev. JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D., Rector.

Rev. C. H. ARNDT, M. A., ... Associate.
W. H. SOWDEN, ... Supt. of S. S.
Miss WELLS, ... Supt. of Primary Dept.

Order of Service

Processional

Angels from the realms of glory,
  Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
  Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
    Come and worship,
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
  Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
  Yonder shines the Infant Light:
    Come and worship,
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Creed and Prayers

Song by Primary Department

LET every heart now dance with joy,
For Christmas comes again;
Sing "Glory be to God on high,
On earth, good will to men."

Though wintry cold may chill the skies,
And earth be dark and bare,
Our Christmas light within shines bright,
And love reigns everywhere.

No love like His was ever known
Our earthly life to share;
It is His light makes Christmas bright,
His love reigns everywhere.
Let every heart, etc.

Psalter for Christmas Day

PSALMS XIX, XLV, LXXXV.

The Lesson

Carol

A VIRGIN unspotted, the Prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us in.

CHORUS.

Aye, and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born on this tide.

The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,
But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
Aye, and therefore, etc.

Then God sent an angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Aye, and therefore, etc.

Then presently after the shepherds did spy,
Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky;
They joyfully talked and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.
Aye, and therefore, etc.

Address by Superintendent

Carol

Now over the snow-white meadows,
  In throbbing ebbs and swells,
Are sounding the happy voices
  Of joyous, sweet Christmas bells.
O sweet is the strange wild music,
  That steals o'er the listening earth,
As tho' once again the angels
  Were hymning the Saviour's birth.

CHORUS.

Ring on, sweet bells, and greet the morn!
Proclaim the tidings "Christ is born!"
Ring on, ring on! sweet Christmas bells!

O ye that are heavy laden,
  And ye that are full of care,
O hear the sweet music-message
  That peals on the morning air.
It speaks of a love undying,
  Unchanged thro' the changing years,
That shines like a star of glory,
  And gleams thro' a mist of tears.
    Ring on, sweet bells, etc.

Glad bells of the holy morning!
  O scatter ye far and near
The sound of the joyful tidings,
  'Till all the wide world shall hear!
O scatter the glorious tidings,
  By every wild wind that blows!
O ring till the lonely desert
  Shall bloom as the summer rose!
    Ring on, sweet bells, etc.

Address

Carol

HEAR the loud and joyful song!
Let the earth its notes prolong,
Till the nations far and near
All the gladsome tidings hear.
  Death and night have pass'd away,
  Christ our Lord is born to-day.

Winds that wander o'er the deep,
Spread the tidings as ye sweep,
Let the islands of the main
Catch with joy the wondrous strain.
    Death and night, etc.

Now the rose with queenly grace
Shall adorn the desert place,
And the pleasant streams caress
All the thirsty wilderness.
Death and night, etc.

Wanderer in the vale of tears,
Calm thine heart and still thy fears:
See the day with radiant bloom
Dawns in glory o'er the tomb!
Death and night, etc.

Ye who worn and weary roam,
He will lead you to your home;
He will soothe your deep distress
With His holy tenderness.
Death and night, etc.

Let the earth rejoice and sing,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting!
Where, O Grave, thy victory?
Christ is born, and man is free.
Death and night, etc.

Reception of Offerings

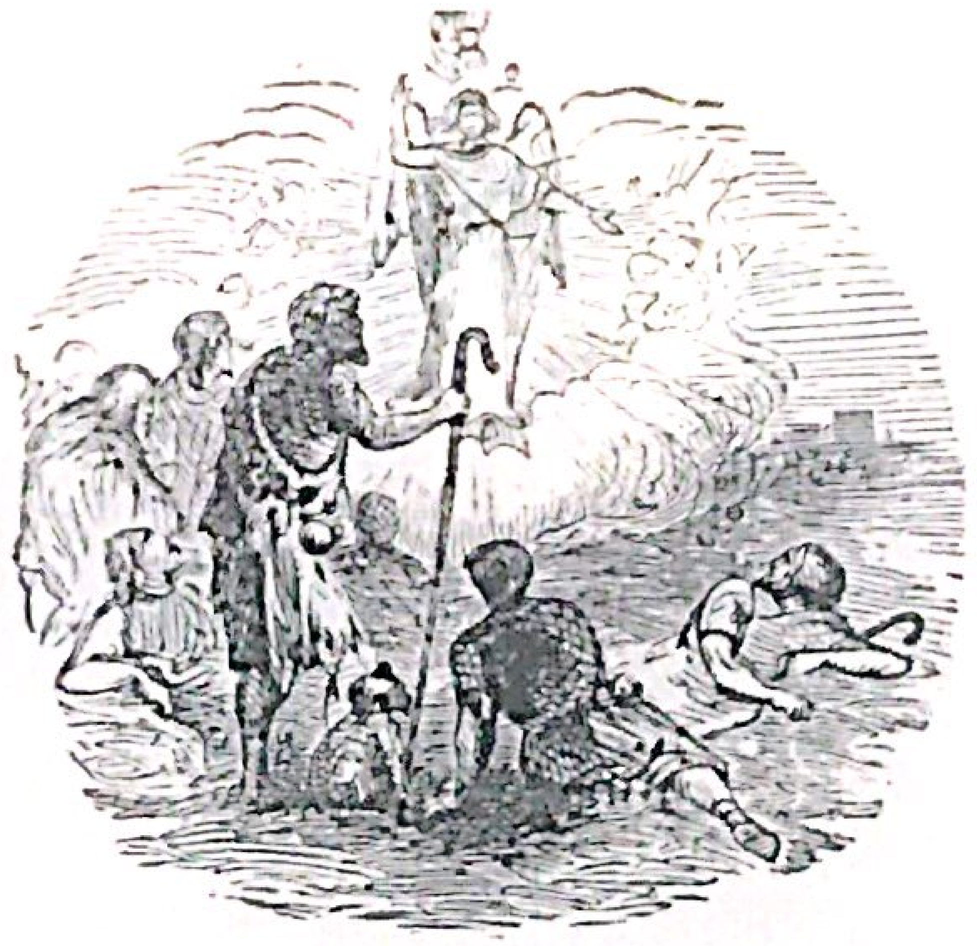
Carol

FALLING, falling, softly falling,
Tiny snow-flakes pure and white,
Tell us, have ye any message,
That ye bring this holy night?
"Coming, coming, He is coming,
Surely, surely, it is meet
That we spread this spotless carpet,
For the little Stranger's feet."

"Loving snow-flakes, who is coming?
Who so pure, and good and true?
Surely, surely, loving children
Should prepare to greet Him too.
Here is strife and here is sorrow,
Here are toils that never cease,
Yet He comes, the Christ-Child cometh,
And He brings the Christmas peace."

He is coming? Then we'll seek Him,
Kneel before our little King,
Ask of Him the gift so precious
That those Baby fingers bring.
Ye whose lives are bright and joyous,
Joy when shared alone is sweet;
Go where lonely hearts need loving,
There ye will the Christ-Child meet.

Prayer and Benediction



Retrocessional

A Child this day is born,
  A Child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre,
  A sceptre and a crown.

CHORUS.

Glad tidings to all men,
  Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of kings
  Was born on Christmas-day.

These tidings shepherds heard
  Whilst watching o'er their fold,
'Twas by an Angel unto them
  That night revealed and told:
    Glad tidings, etc.

Then was there with the Angel
  A glorious regiment
Of heavenly bright soldiers,
  All from the highest sent.
    Glad tidings, etc.

They praised the Lord our God,
  And our celestial King:
"All glory in the highest be,"
  This heavenly host do sing.
    Glad tidings, etc.

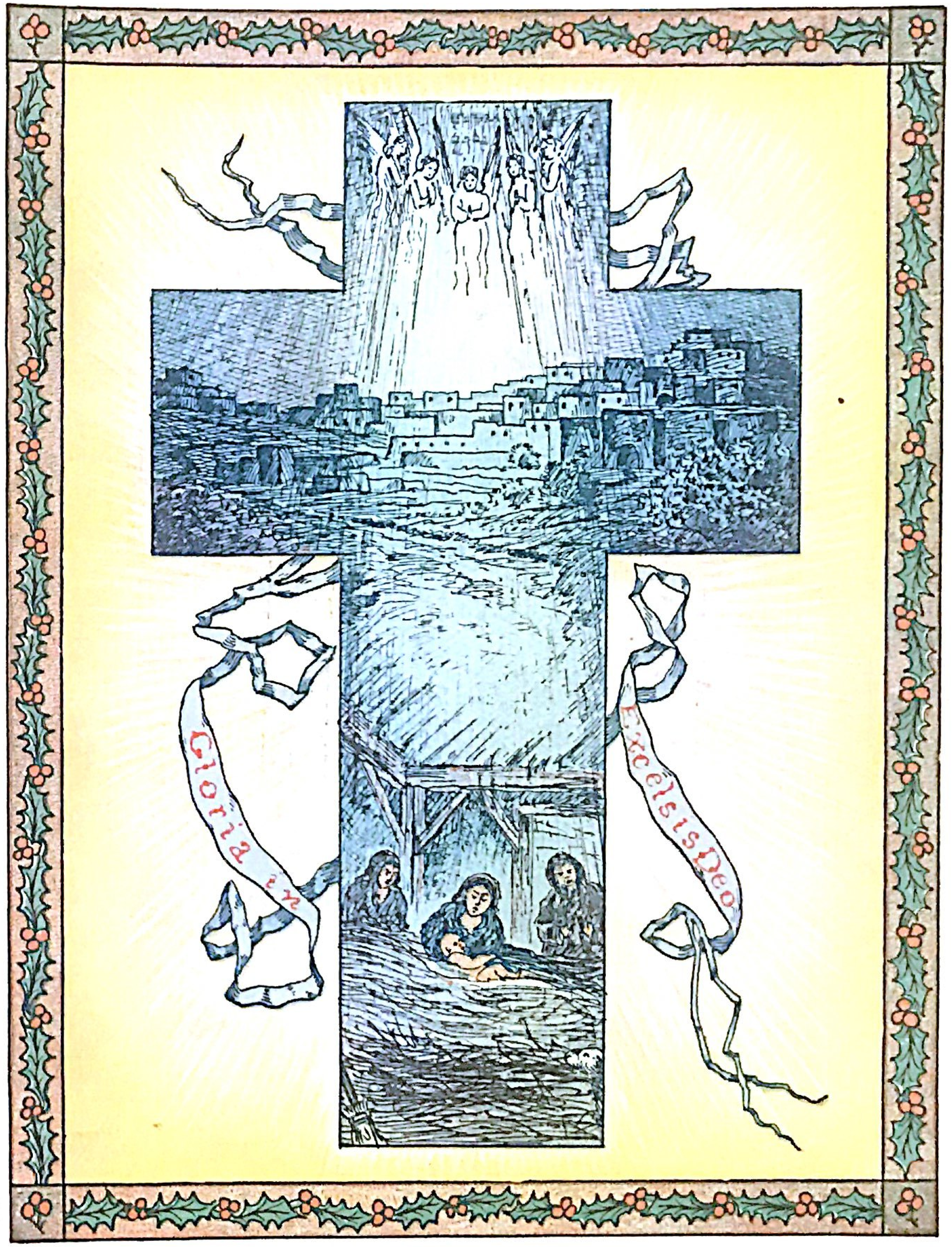
All glory be to God,
  That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
  And joyful melody.
    Glad tidings, etc.

Press of
T. R. Marvin & Son
73 Federal St
Boston

Christ Church,

GERMANTOWN, PA.

1894.



1894.

Christmas Festival

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF

Christ Church

GERMANTOWN, PHILA.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, at 4 P. M.

Rector.

The Rev. JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D.

Associate.

The Rev. C. H. ARNDT, M. A.

Mr. W. H. SOWDEN, ... Supt. S. S.
Miss H. D. WELLS, ... Supt. Primary Dept.

Order of Service.

Processional

On the birthday of the Lord
Angel hosts with one accord
Gladsome chant before the throne,
Glory to our God alone!

CHORUS.

Hail to Thee, O Mary's Son,
Son of God, Eternal One!

Born is our Emmanuel;
Gabriel did the day foretell;
Prophets' eyes afar adored
Him, the sole-begotten Word.

Lo! a seraph tells the tale;
Shepherds sing in hill and vale;
Sing the sinless Saviour's birth,
Sweetest tidings for the earth.

See the Eastern Kings unfold
Incense, myrrh and ruddy gold,
Bending to the Infant King,
Glory to our God they sing:

Hail! thrice hail the golden morn!
Hail to Him, the Manger-born;
Born of God's o'ershadowing might,
God of God, and Light of Light.

The Creed and Prayers

Carol by Primary Department

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind."

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—
The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease."

Psalms 148 and 150

The Lesson

Carol

Sweetly sleep, O Saviour King,
While the merry joy bells ring,
Sweetly sleep, Thy mother pure
Lulls Thee in her arms secure.

Sweetly sleep, the night is still,
Yet afar o'er plain and hill
Sounds the ever welcome strain,
Christmas Day has come again.

Christmas, ever blessed Day,
Naught can take Thy joy away!
Naught can stay our holy mirth,
O'er the Christ Child's wondrous Birth.

Sweetly sleep, as on her breast
Mary rocks her Babe to rest,
We the angels' song will raise,
And will carol forth Thy praise.

Glory to Emmanuel,
God with man came down to dwell;
Who to loving hearts most dear,
Lies a helpless Baby here.

Thee would we adore and love
As the angels do above.
Thee our childhood's pattern make
And Thy every grace partake.

Address by Superintendent

Carol

It was long, long ago,
In a land far away,
In a land that forever is holy:
That a mother kept watch
O'er her child as He lay,
Fast asleep in a manger-bed lowly.

Pure and bright was the love
Of that young mother there,
Like a gem in her poverty gleaming:—
As she gazed on the face
Of her infant so fair,
With the lustre of God o'er it beaming.

And the pilgrims from far
To that Holy One came,
In the shed where His mother watched o'er Him;
Through the desert and night,
They were led by the flame,
As they journeyed with gifts to adore Him.

She is blessed for aye,
Above all who are blest,
That fond mother so gentle and tender;
For the child of her love,
Whom she guarded at rest,
Has illumined the world with His splendor.

It was long, long ago,
In a land far away,
In a land that forever is holy;
But, like pilgrims of old,
We would journey to-day
Till we stand by that manger-bed lowly.

The Address

Carol

SOFTLY the night is sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent the shepherds watching,
The gentle flocks are still.
But hark! the wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky;
Valley and cliff re-echo
Glory to God on high!
Glory to God! it rings again;
Peace on the earth, good will to men!

Day in the East is breaking;
Day o'er the crimsoned earth;
Now the glad world is waking,
Glad in the Saviour's birth!
See, where the clear star bendeth
Above the manger blest;
See, where the Infant Jesus
Smiles upon Mary's breast.
Glory to God! we hear again;
Peace on the earth, good will to men!

Come with the gladsome shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold;
Come with the wise men pouring
Incense and myrrh and gold;
Come to Him, poor and lowly,
Around the cradle throng;
Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song,
Glory to God! tell out again;
Peace on the earth, good will to men!

Weave ye the wreaths unfading,
The fir tree and the pine,
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the holy shrine.
Bring ye the happy children!
For this is Christmas morn;
Jesus, the sinless Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.
Glory to God, to God again,
Peace, peace on earth, good will to men.

Reception of Offerings

Prayers and Benediction

Retrocessional

CHRISTMAS bells are ringing, ringing,
Joyfully while we are singing,
On this bright and gladsome morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born.

CHORUS.

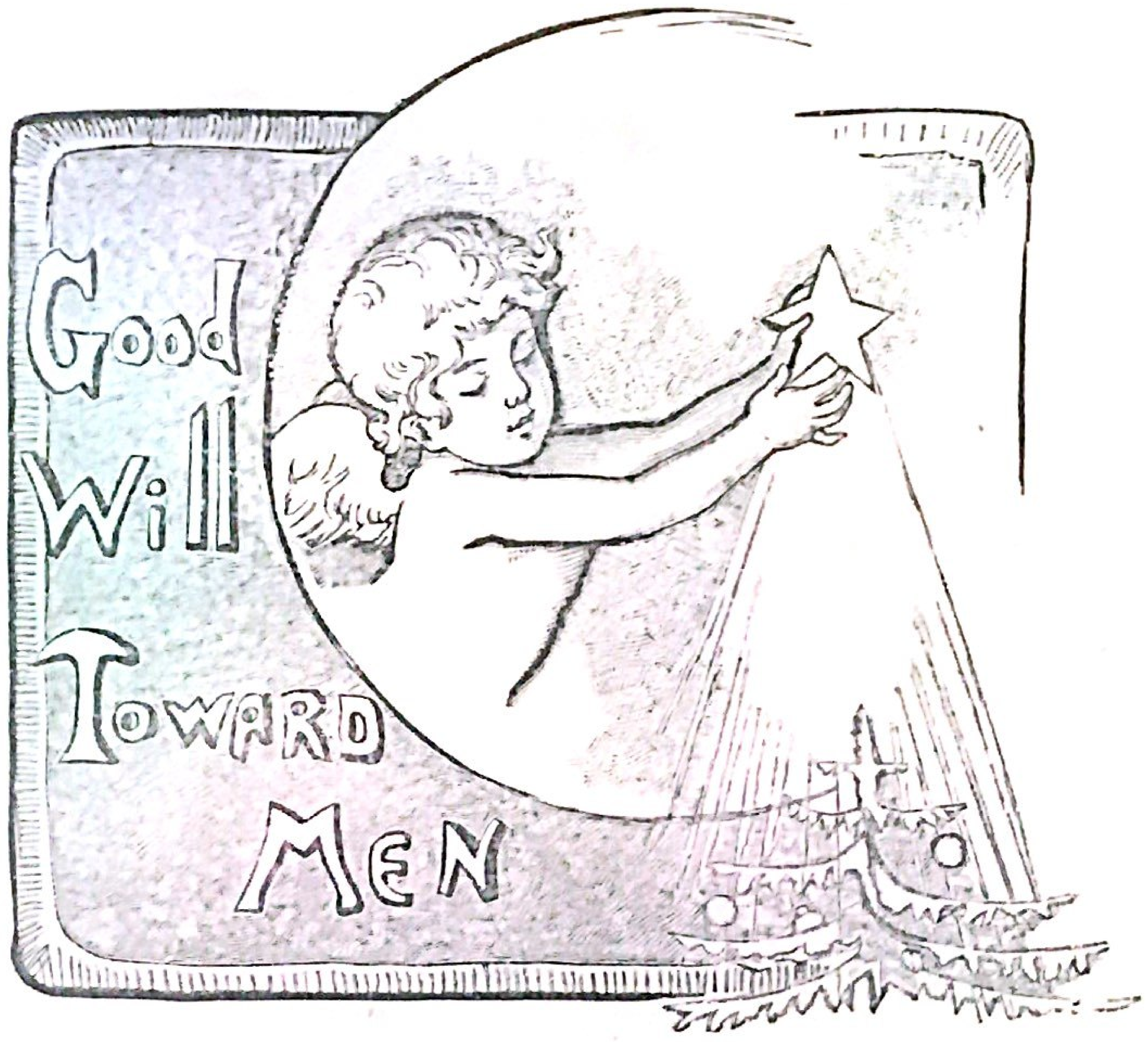
Ring the bell, let music swell,
And the wond'rous story tell;
Far and wide o'er every realm,
Christ was born in Bethlehem.

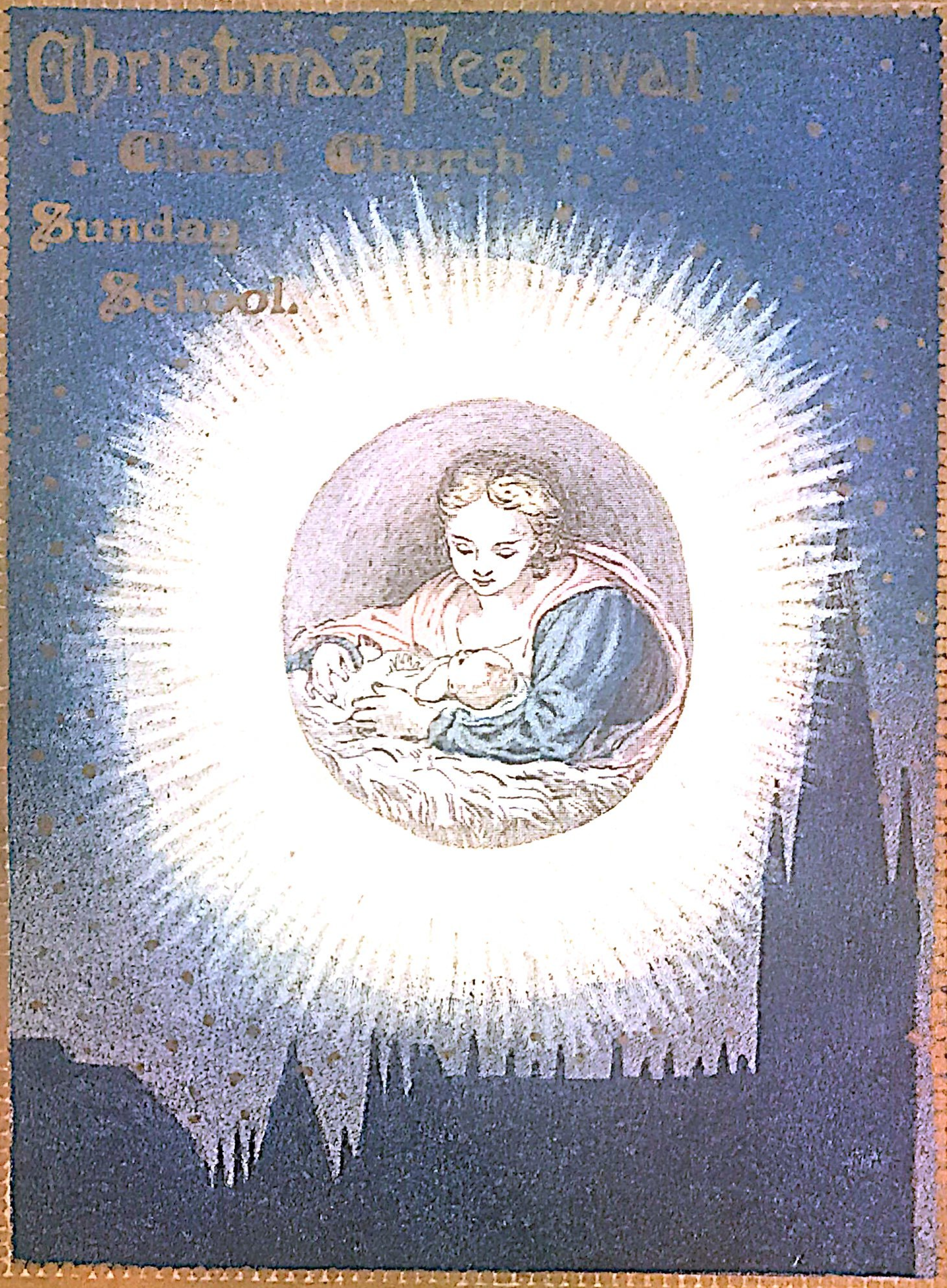
Blend the laurel with the pine,
Hemlock branch and winter vine;
Let the box and fir tree wave,
Free above the holy pave.

O'er the altar wreaths shall fall,
Twined around the hallowed wall;
While the Cross on which we lean,
Bright above them all is seen.

Strew the Saviour's pathway now
With the green and deathless bough;
And with glad hosannas raise,
Grateful songs of joyous praise.

Press of
T.R. Marvin & Son
73 Federal St
Boston


Good
Will
Toward
Men


Christmas Festival
Christ Church
Sunday
School.

✠ 1896 ✠

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF

Christ Church,

GERMANTOWN, PHILA.

Sunday, December 27, at 4 P. M.

Feast of S. John the Evangelist.

Clergy

THE REV. JOHN B. FALKNER, D. D.
THE REV. C. H. ARNDT, M. A.

MR. W. H. SOWDEN - - - - - - SUPT. S. S.
MISS H. D. WELLS - - - - SUPT. PRIMARY DEPT.

Order of Service

Processional

Angels from the realms of glory,
  Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
  Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
    Come and worship,
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
  Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
  Yonder shines the Infant Light:
    Come and worship,
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
  Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
  Ye have seen His natal star:
    Come and worship,
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
  Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
  In His temple shall appear:
    Come and worship,
  Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Creed and Prayers

Carol by Primary Department

The air is filled with the echoes,
  Glad voices are singing again,
Glory to God in the Highest!
  Peace and good will to men!
O listen, dear children, listen,
  The bells and the great chimes say,
The sweetest song that ever was sung,
  Jesus was born to-day.

The world was dark and lonely
  Till the sound of His voice was heard,
And the hearts of the sad and lowly
  Leaped at His lightest word.
And over the fields in their beauty,
  The lilies and birds of the air,
The tender love of the Father
  He showed us everywhere.

An angel may praise Him in heaven,
  A child may sing upon earth,
With a joy that shall ring through all ages
  The story of Christ and His birth.
O listen, dear children, listen,
  The bells and the great chimes say,
The sweetest song that ever was sung,
"Jesus was born to-day!"

Selection of Psalms

The Lesson

Carol

In the field with their flocks abiding,
  They lay on the dewy ground:
And glimm'ring under the starlight,
  The sheep lay white around,
When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er them
  And lo, from the heaven above,
An angel leaned from the glory,
  And sang His song of love;—
He sang, that first sweet Christmas,
  The song that never shall cease:—
"Glory to God in the Highest,
  On earth, good will and peace."

"To you in the City of David
  A Saviour is born to-day!"
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
  Flashed forth to join the lay!
O never hath sweeter message
  Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the heavens themselves had never heard
  A gladder choir till then;—
For they sang that Christmas Carol,
  That never on earth shall cease;—
"Glory to God in the Highest,
  On earth, good will and peace."

And the shepherds came to the manger,
  And gazed on the Holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
  The Virgin Mother smiled.
And the sky in the starlit silence,
  Seemed full of the angel lay;
"To you in the City of David
  A Saviour is born to-day;"
Oh, they sang—and I ween that never
  The carol on earth shall cease;—
"Glory to God in the Highest,
  On earth, good will and peace."

Address

Carol

Ring merrily! Ring merrily!
  O happy Christmas bells;
And let us hear again the tales
  Your music ever tells;
How England's sons in other days
  Made feast within their halls,
Hung mistletoe and holly wreaths
  Around their old oak walls;
How rich and poor knelt side by side,
  At call of Christmas chimes;
And how the bonds of Christian love
  Bound up "the good old times."

Ring tenderly! Ring tenderly!
  O holy Christmas bells;
For ever with your earthly peal
  A heavenly chorus swells;
The angels who were first to bring
  The welcome news to men,
Still join with us to celebrate
  The Saviour's birth again;
And some, whom we have loved and lost,
  Sing carols with us now,
With all the old love in their hearts,
  And new light on their brow.

Ring merrily! Ring merrily!
  O dear old Christmas bells;
And bring all holy blessings down,
  From where all mercy dwells.
Ring out your gentle messages
  As ye have done of old,
To help the weary and the sad,
  The weaklings to the fold;
And tell again the cheering tale
  Of Him who bore our woe;
And gave His own heart's life and love,
  For breaking hearts below.

Address

Carol

THERE dwelt in old Judea,
  A maiden fair to see;
The Mother mild and undefiled,
  Of a blessed Babe was she.
Sing Noël, sing Noël,
  And merry be alway;
For Christ was born, in the early morn,
  All on a Christmas Day.

Solo. And as the Infant Jesus
  Lay on His lowly bed,
A circle bright of heavenly light
  Shone round about His head.
    Sing Noël, etc.

Solo. The shepherds bowed before Him,
  While angels swift did fly
On blest employ, with songs of joy,
  To fill the starry sky.
    Sing Noël, etc.

Solo. For this was Prince Emmanuel,
  Who laid aside His crown;
And all to win our souls from sin
  Unto the earth came down.
    Sing Noël, etc.

Full. Now God, my dear Redeemer,
  I give my heart to Thee;
For, by my word, this loving Lord
  Shall be the Lord of me.
    Sing Noël, etc.

Reception of Offerings

Prayers and Benediction

☆

Retrocessional

Blest day, by shining angels
  O'er Bethlehem's plains foretold,
Our anxious eyes with gladness
  Thy dawning rays behold;
The world in mist and darkness
  Has long'd thy light to see,
And turns like flow'rs at morning
  With love and joy to thee.

The shades of sin are moving,
  The night will soon be gone;
See, from the East advances
  The golden gleam of dawn.
O day of peace eternal,
  Thy beams the world shall bless,
Shine out in fadeless glory,
  O Sun of Righteousness.

O ye by sin and sorrow,
  And burdens sore distressed.
O turn ye to the morning,
  And in God's smile be blessed.
It breaks in peerless beauty,
  Its glories still increase;
The day by angels promised,
  The day of perfect peace!

The Church Press
SINE LABORE NIHIL
T. R. MARVIN & SON
BOSTON MASS PRINTERS ESTABL